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Fellowship

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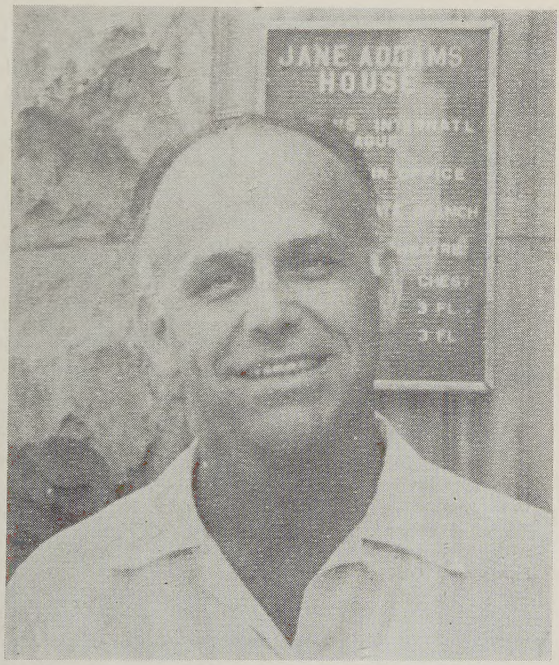

GEORGE WILLOUGHBY *Objector*

30¢

Our Own Worst Enemies

by James E. Bristol

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COVER PHOTO: George Willoughby, Executive Secretary, Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, and Editor, Handbook for COs, recently published in a new revised edition.

FELLOWSHIP

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The WORLD in FOCUS

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Little Rock

From time to time in human history, men do things so depraved, so cruel, so—as we call it—inhuman, as to seem to confirm the cynics and confound the optimists. Not so very long ago the execution of a criminal in England was a public spectacle whose barbarism seems almost inconceivable to those who read of it today. The gas chambers and infamous concentration camps of the Nazis, the forced confessions and "brain-washing" techniques of the Communists, are other contemporary examples. In recent weeks, mobs of enraged men and women, shouting obscenities at children and encouraging the wholesale use of violence against innocent people, have demonstrated that no nation or race has a monopoly on human depravity. It is a bleak and depressing prospect we see when our eyes are turned their way.

From time to time in human history, though, some people do things so pure in spirit, so richly noble, so inspiringly human, as to confound the cynics and uplift the hearts of those who live by the faith that there is something divine in every man. Of such a company have been the frightened, shaking Negro children who, alone or in little groups, have dared to pass in front of the threatening mob and to stand as mute questions before the stolid soldiers. Few such moving demonstrations of dedication and courage are most of us permitted to witness, and we must cherish these children in our hearts. They have destroyed forever any

remaining illusions concerning racial superiority or inferiority, and have shown the nature of the goal toward which all men are permitted to strive.

South

It is laboring the obvious to observe that history is being made in front of the schoolhouses of the South these days. Not only is the emergence of a whole people into full equality historic, but the way in which the nation handles the accompanying convulsions must have an important effect on the rest of the world. Photographs of howling, hysterical whites screaming at Negro school children do more hurt to the cause of democracy around the world than ten years of the most powerful Communist propaganda.

But history is in the making in an even more profound sense to just the degree that Negroes continue to exhibit the wisdom and courage to refuse to retaliate in kind. For the first time, Americans are seeing painted on a broad canvas the way in which violence turns back on itself when it is met with nonviolence. For the first time we are witnessing in this country the essence of the nonviolent approach: a mass appeal to the conscience of the nation.

Had Negroes responded to the insults and the physical assaults with their own violence, it seems beyond question that the South would by now be a bloody battleground, with the cause of brotherhood set back for decades. That they have had the courage not to do so, and on so broad a scale, may prove to have been one of the major turning points in man's whole history. They need every ounce of help we can give them, and our prayers, so that they may continue as they have begun.

Secret

Secrets have always had a fascination for children, but the boys and girls who play their games in the government offices in Washington carry the thing too far. The impression becomes almost irresistible that the words "confidential," "secret" and "top secret" have become the convenient closet into which blunders

may safely be swept and in which disturbing debates may be hushed.

The trouble is that even for those who accept the need for some secrecy for "security" reasons, when someone once has the power to declare vital matters secret, the free access to information so vital to democracy is gone, and with it, of course, the equally urgent freedom to criticize. Thousands of government employees now are authorized so to hide documents from scrutiny, according to the Commission on Government Security.

At no point does this become a more pressing issue than in the matter of atomic energy and the weapons that utilize it. The Atomic Energy Commission, with a thousand or more of its employees authorized to classify documents "confidential" or "secret," has notoriously had to be pushed hard to release any information at odds with its official "line."

Dr. Willard Libby, one of the AEC's brightest scientists and its current defender, seemed to be replying "Sorry—classified" to every other question when he appeared recently on a televised interview. The climax came when, having acknowledged that the AEC had "monitored" the Soviet Union's test H-bomb explosions, he declined to reveal whether they were big bombs on the grounds that the information was "Classified." Presumably to keep the Russians from finding out the size of their own bombs!

Kishi

Four of us* from the Fellowship called on Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi of Japan during his brief visit to this country last summer (see News, September FELLOWSHIP). That we were granted a half-hour with the Prime Minister and three associates, including the Japanese ambassador, during a short visit whose principal purpose was economic and military, was a measure of the respect that FOR's past activities have won in Japan. So was the cordiality with which Mr. Kishi greeted us, and the warm words of appreciation for the organization with which he concluded the interview.

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* Prof. Charles Lawrence, national chairman; Prof. Charles Iglehart, former national chairman; Rev. John Nevin Sayre, IFOR; and Alfred Hassler.

The visit seemed like a good idea at the time. It still does. We told the prime minister that millions of Americans also oppose H-bombs and their testing, and that they would like to see Japan give leadership toward peace rather than seeking to rearm.

On the other hand, while Mr. Kishi was too polite to say so, maybe we should just have concentrated on the American government. Because it's the U. S. that has Mr. Kishi's arm twisted behind his back. Japan has some 80 million people to feed from a territory about as large as Montana, of which only about 15 percent is arable. To feed them Japan has to have a substantial export trade. Some of that trade—trinkets and silks, mostly—she had with this country before the war, but nylon and the complaints of industrialists and unions have pretty much dried that up.

Japan's natural market is China, of course—a fact that loomed as large behind her expansionist adventures in the first half of this century as did similar needs behind English expansionism in an earlier period. But we Americans don't want the Japanese to trade with China, because we don't like the Chinese government and would like to do whatever we can to bankrupt it.

That puts Japan pretty much behind the eight-ball, a position not helped by her government's need to satisfy the popular clamor to get American troops out of the country and American H-bomb tests out of the Pacific. Mr. Kishi came, hat in hand, to get what he could: economic aid, eased relaxations on trade with China, withdrawal of some U. S. troops and a promise to reconsider the H-bomb tests. In return—there is always a return, of course—poor Mr. Kishi had little to offer. He could promise to try to keep the Communists out of power, and he could promise to try to persuade his people to amend the pacifist clause in their Constitution and build another army.

Japan is fed up with armies. As everywhere, they will suck the lifeblood from her economy and endanger her democracy. Japan's constitutional renunciation of war was one of the most hopeful legal developments of the postwar world. But Uncle Sam holds the purse-strings, and when they are drawn tight Mr. Kishi can do nothing much but holler "Uncle!"

A Drowsy Numbness Pains My Senses

BY HELEN MEARS

CAPE COD in early June contrived an hypnotic magic with honeysuckle and lilacs, wisteria, broom, and wild roses, brilliant birds and gentle beasts. Nobody read the papers. Politics was barred. For vacationers the purpose of life was to lie in the sun and enjoy being alive; and for those who must keep on earning a living the idea seemed to be to leave whatever it was early enough to paint the boat, inspect the fishing tackle, mend the out-of-doors furniture, poke at the budding peonies and lettuces, or dash to the beach or lake for a swift swim. The wars and rumors of wars, which fill the metropolitan press and national periodicals, and which in New York seemed so all-important, took on a color of extreme unreality. When picking up the mail in the morning, Sue and I automatically collected *The New York Times,* but it became increasingly difficult to read it.

Lounging on the beach one morning, reading our mail and looking lazily at the sea, the entire universe seemed complete, united and peaceful. Across from us, some thousands of miles away, was Portugal, but nothing else was out there to interfere with our sense of infinite space. Gulls posed on rocks, swooped and sailed. Nearby a family gathered around a weather-beaten rowboat, arguing mildly. This was obviously the world not only as it was meant to be, but as it actually was for vast numbers of Americans all over the country.

Lazily, and hardly larger than a seagull (it seemed) a helicoptor droned in toward us from the sea. It came, we knew, from a Navy radar installation offshore which was supplied by air daily with various necessities. Higher up, behind but paralleling its course, came another plane. It too looked hardly larger than a gull. Then suddenly behind us we heard the roar of a powerful motor. Looking back we saw swooping down to the beach a large Coast Guard vessel mounted on a motorized platform, and manned by two young men. One of them hastily swung spy-glasses up and focused on the plane while the other began to report observations over a radio to some inland Center. Unintelligible to us, except as background roar, what must have been questions and instructions from the Center poured over the beach.

Startled, Sue and I tried to figure

out what was going on. We knew that the helicoptor was an expected everyday aspect of the seacape, so *that* couldn't be bothering anybody. Could it be that that second small plane was some Unidentified Flying Object that, for our safety, had to be identified? The young men ignored our questions. After some minutes the planes droned out of sight, and the vehicle departed. The conclusion seemed obvious: this must be some sort of routine training and reconnaissance mission designed to protect us—the American people—from some presumed Enemy Invasion.

What Did It Mean?

This episode upset my drowsy mood and thoroughly irritated me. It irritated me because I couldn't figure out any *rational* reason for the state of implied peril which this dash to the beach for observations dramatized. Before us stretched thousands of miles of open sea with no enemy-held islands or bases in any direction. Beyond the sea were Britain and Western Europe, a bristling fortress "on our side." Recalled to the imbecilities of international affairs I took up *The New York Times* which had been lying neglected beside us, and looked over the front page.

At once I saw this headline: "U.S. Carrier Plane Struck By Red Chinese Gunfire." I read the story, a dispatch from Hong Kong. It reported another U.S. Navy "routine training mission," this one far away from Cape Cod, on the other side of the world—just off, if not actually over, the mainland of China! The Chinese coastal defense guards had been as alert as our own, and a U.S. plane had been damaged. The Peiping government rejected the "routine flight" explanation and charged that the U.S. Navy and the Chinese Nationalists had carried out a deliberate attack against the mainland. This is how the Peiping radio put it:

"The U.S. aircraft carrier Hornet and four destroyers sailed out of Hong Kong soon after 7 o'clock this morning. They invaded part of the South China Sea within the territorial waters of China. At a little past noon today, enemy warships sailed to the waters between Hong Kong and Swatow. At 1301 hours . . . four U.S. naval planes took off from the carrier Hornet and intruded into the Swatow area of Kwangtung Province.

"They were immediately attacked by our heavy ack-ack gunfire. One of the intruders was hit and damaged. It escaped in a southerly direction, belching smoke. From 1253 to 2030 hours American aircraft from the carrier Hornet made 66 sorties in 23 groups.

"At 1221 hours, four Chiang Kai-shek F-84 fighters intruded over the Swatow area. They met heavy anti-aircraft gunfire from the ground and two planes were shot down and fell into the sea south of Taho island. The other two planes turned tail and fled."

Questioned in Washington by *Times* and press association correspondents, the Navy spokesmen maintained a nautical calm. As "a spokesman" explained it, a U.S. plane from the carrier Hornet had been flying "on a routine training flight" off the coast of China; the weather was "hazy"; and "it appears that the aircraft concerned was to the westward of its plotted position. The plane had been fired at by Chinese ground anti-aircraft guns and had been hit. However, "damage to the plane was minor

and there were no personnel injuries incurred." In short, as the Navy saw it, it was just another trivial routine incident—nothing for Americans to get excited about.

Nonetheless, I found myself getting excited. Reading on and pondering the Navy's official explanation of a "routine" mission in the Far East, it seemed to me to be as remarkable as the Chinese charges. Amplifying the first statement, a Navy spokesman further explained that, in patrolling along the Chinese coast, the Navy recognized the three-mile limit for Chinese coastal waters, but in setting flight paths —just to be on the safe side—a distance of eight miles offshore was usually designated. However, because of the irregularity of the Chinese coastline, exact measurements were difficult, and besides, on a hazy day, and with the speed of jets, no pilot could be sure exactly where he was!

In other words, the U. S. Navy claims the right—if it so chooses—to carry on military maneuvers only three miles from the Chinese mainland, and routinely does in fact fly military planes so close to the shore that in hazy weather the pilots literally can't be sure whether or not they are over the Chinese mainland! Under such conditions, the Peiping government had every reason to believe that any one of these "routine" flights might turn out to be an invasion.

I lay back on the sand and closed my eyes. What would it be like, I wondered, to be a Chinese woman living and working somewhere in the coastal area of her own country? When she looked out toward sea, she did not know the security of vast empty space; instead she was hemmed in by a barrier of islands, large and small, most of them bristling with bases for ships and planes of a hostile power equipped with weapons powerful enough to vaporize, with one bomb, an entire Chinese province. As a "routine," hostile American planes carried out their "training exercises" just off shore; as a "routine," Chinese Nationalist pilots (flying American planes) flew deep into China ostensibly carrying leaflets. How was a Chinese woman, hearing a plane overhead, to know that it would not suddenly rain destruction down upon her? Such a Chinese woman (unlike an American secure on Cape Cod) had every reason to know, without any doubt whatever, the purpose of her government's coastal defense forces.

We were told that our Navy's "routine training exercises" near the coast of China were for our protection. But what an extraordinary concept of "protection," any way you look at it! Consider, for instance, such a concept of protection expressed in reverse. Suppose the Russians claimed the right to "defend" themselves by maintaining a patrol with carriers and destroyers some three or eight miles off our coast. Suppose they "routinely" flew "training missions" so close to our shore that when the fog came down their pilots could not be sure whether or not they were flying over Cape Cod or Rockport. Suppose the people of Cape Cod, when they heard a jet flying above them in a fog, could not be certain that it was not *another* Russian plane flying what

the Russians called a "routine mission." How would we be likely to respond to a Russian explanation that they really hadn't meant any harm, that their flights over our land were just a mistake, and that we really were unreasonable to object to this perfectly normal behavior?

I sat up abruptly and looked out over the placid ocean. It seemed to me, now that my own drowsy escapist mood had been thoroughly destroyed by that coastguard exercise and the day's newspaper, that the escapist frame of mind was in fact the prevailing, everyday mood for most of us when it came to foreign affairs. Incidents over the China coast were frequently reported in our press, but reading a headline like "U.S. Carrier Plane Struck by Red Chinese Gunfire" most of us would be likely to think "Those damned Reds have attacked us again" and turn to the sports page, the comics, or the crossword puzzle. Yet, by our Navy's own account of this latest incident, if the Chinese "attacked" us, it was because we had given them every reason to believe that we were attacking them.

From the evidence of recurrent incidents involving American planes (with our Far Eastern Commander, Admiral Stump, giving the laconic command: "If you have to, shoot"); and from the incessant incidents involving Chinese Nationalist planes (provided by the U.S. government for a Chinese government which incessantly declares its intention to use them to invade the mainland); and from the evidence of incessant incidents involving Quemoy and Matsu (fortified by the U. S. government); it is clear that our military activities—no matter what they are called, and no matter how they are justified—have characteristics accepted as warfare. No Navy that is not looking for trouble carries on "routine" flights close to territory of an "enemy"; no government that is not looking for trouble heavily fortifies islands belonging to an "enemy," especially islands which are literally in a harbor of that "enemy" country.

A "Starve Your Friends" Policy

For over seven years, the U. S. government has maintained a total economic boycott of China, and has used the full weight of our political, economic and military power to secure a similar policy from a dozen or more other nations. And our Secretary of State has explained that the purpose of this policy—to put it bluntly—is to starve the Chinese people into a revolutionary state of mind. Yet when our Secretary of State also tells us that he is unable to "recognize" the Peiping government because it refuses to "renounce aggression," we the people—in whose name these remarkable policies are

About the Author

Helen Mears is a serious student of international affairs who is currently at work on no less than four books on the Far East. A former promotion director of **Survey Graphic,** she is the author of **The First Book of Japan** for junior high school students and has contributed many articles to such magazines as **Dissent, The Nation, New Republic** and **The Progressive.**

enunciated, appear to echo "Amen." There is clearly some confusion as to what acts constitute "aggression" and what acts constitute "legitimate self-defense." But is it possible that we, the American people, if we thought about it, would really endorse a policy of trying to starve the Chinese people because some of us don't like their government?

It seemed to me, viewing the world from the distant coasts of China, where our young men were flying "routine missions," ostensibly for our "protection," that we, the American people, were living in a dream world that was extremely likely to turn into a nightmare. Even assuming that those who ordered these missions and armed the Nationalists, had renounced any notion of waging all-out war to unseat the Peiping Government, it still remained obvious that their activities were so openly provocative, so designed to preserve tensions, that an explosion seemed virtually inevitable. Such an explosion might be set off "accidentally on purpose" by the Chinese Nationalists, gambling that once a war was begun, the U.S. would be forced to join in. Secretary of State Dulles in fact had publicly expressed his belief that now that the U.S. had turned Quemoy and Matsu into Nationalist bastions, the Nationalists would not yield them without a fight, no matter what the U.S. government might say about it.

But even if the Chinese Nationalists, as a last-stand gamble, did not deliberately force war, the possibilities for an accidental sparking of an explosion seemed excellent. The Chinese Nationalists also boast of flying "routine missions" along the coast, against shipping, and even deep into the mainland. What government would put up with this sort of provocation and injury indefinitely? What government would not consider it a deliberate aggression?

Nor could we exclude the possibility that our own "protective" forces might not accidentally create an incident too serious to halt. Flying "routine flights" close to an "enemy" is a tantalizing mission. Suppose one day some young airman, bored with this "routine" duty so close to an area of potential excitement, should decide to "let the damned Reds have one," just to scare them, or to break the monotony. And suppose when he had this impulse he believed he was just off the coast but, because he was flying at 1000 mph in a haze, it turned out he was over Shanghai? Impossible? Perhaps. Yet not long ago a young American on guard duty in Japan shot at a Japanese civilian who was collecting scrap metal—not of course with any intention of killing anybody, and not with any intention of creating an international incident.

While these unhappy thoughts had been going through my mind, Sue had been napping. Now she woke with a start, looked at her watch and said it was about time for lunch. As we started home it seemed to me that it was also just about time we all woke up. In a nuclear age, a dream world was the most dangerous place you could be.

The Law of the Harvest

by Kirby Page

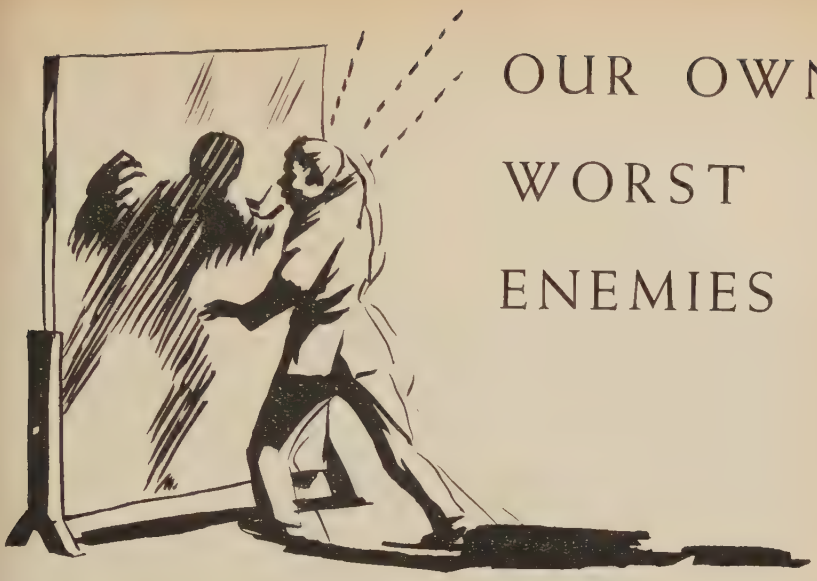
GREAT literature often brings a sense of perspective, a point of vantage from which to view human experience. History makes it easier to have faith in the law of the harvest, to realize that good harvests come from good seed, and evil harvests come from evil seed. The six-volume *Study of History* by Arnold Toynbee increases awareness of the suicidal nature of violence and deepens confidence in the spiritual power of meekness. Reflect on his words of summary:

"In truth, the problem of the breakdown of civilization stares us in the face . . . while only four civilizations, to our knowledge, have miscarried, as against twenty-six that have been born alive, no less than sixteen out of those twenty-six are now dead and buried. . . . Among the civilizations which are alive at the present day, every one, apparently, has already broken down and is now in the process of disintegration, with the possible exception of our own. . . .

"Indeed, in no less than fourteen out of the sixteen cases in which we can pronounce with assurance that a broken-down civilization has brought the breakdown upon itself, we have found that a reckless indulgence in the crime of interstate warfare has been the main line of suicidal activity . . .

"The dead civilizations strew the deck of the ship of human fortunes; and we, and we only, are left. . . . Though sixteen civilizations may have perished already to our knowledge, and nine others may be now on the point of death . . . we are not compelled to submit our fate to the blind arbitrament of statistics. The divine spark of creative power is instinct in ourself; and if we have the grace to kindle it into flame, then the stars in their courses cannot defeat our efforts to attain the goal of human endeavors."

Consider the wisdom of Jesus: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."



OUR OWN WORST ENEMIES

BY JAMES E. BRISTOL

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—Romans 8:38-39.

THESE WORDS of St. Paul form a timely text in the world of 1957—the world of Hungary and Suez, of bigger and better H-bomb tests, and of an apparently endless cold war. Paul, of course, is answering a question he has posed just a few sentences earlier: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" To this we may add a second question: "Who shall separate us from one another?"

Paul's answer is clear, and it applies to both questions—no one at all, and nothing at all can effect this separation *except you and I.* We alone have it in our power to cut ourselves off from God and from each other. And how readily we do it, thwarting our own fulfilment as much as others'. Indeed we prove too often to be truly our own worst enemies.

Three Lessons From Life

Over the past year or so, I have had three experiences that left a deep impression on me and will serve well to illustrate the point. Last January I spent a full day in Philadelphia with a small group of people including representatives of a number of radical groups—the Independent Socialist League, the Socialist Workers Party, the Young People's Socialist League, and the Communist Party. We met to ana-

lyze developments in the international situation and to discuss what might be done to move away from current tensions and obstacles toward peace.

The people in the group were all very polite and courteous, and fully sensitive to the needs of those who presented different views. Yet I was struck by the fact that, as we talked, a number of these people appeared to be unusually righteous, in that nothing which they had done or proposed doing for the past forty years seemed to have contributed to any of the tragedy. The fault all lay with somebody else. It was the capitalists and imperialists who were the culprits—and to such butchers it would be futile to appeal for decency or justice. If necessary, you had to banish, subdue or exterminate them. They were simply beyond hope.

In the summer of 1956, I met a man who had been a major in Hitler's *Wehrmacht*. He was living in a small town in Ohio, and I was a member of a work camp situated nearby. This man, his wife and two children comprised a pleasant, gentle family that would be a credit to any community.

One evening we invited them over to talk with us about the present situation in Germany. When the subject of Communism came up, we noted a striking resemblance to the attitude that so many of us had had toward the Nazis—for them, the Communists were totally evil and beyond the pale of reasonableness, as well as rather stupid.

As the evening wore on, one of the work campers asked the man how it happened that he had served as a major in Hitler's army. The man answered candidly, telling about his youth and events that were going on when he was in high school. In those days, he said, Germany was hard pressed. Other nations seemed bent on strangling the German economy. As the years went by, the young German saw his country surrounded by enemies, and it became clear to him that they were tightening a ring of steel that would eventually choke his beloved fatherland to death. In these circumstances, wasn't it only normal and natural to go into the army and defend the fatherland? Like thousands of Americans who held commissions in the United States Army during World War II, this former German officer evidently felt that he had nothing to explain.

Just ten days before Christmas 1956, I went with a seminar group of the American Friends Service Committee to the Embassy of the USSR in Washington. We talked for an hour and a half with two members of the Embassy staff. Both of them were as far from the American stereotype of the Russian official as two men could possibly be. Gentle, almost diffident and apparently fair-minded, they seemed to be lonely men caught in a hostile atmosphere with few opportunities to talk as we were talking, seriously and searchingly and with no air of accusation or condemnation directed against them. There were no prepared statements; they simply answered our questions.

Afterwards, they said goodbye to us at the head of the stairs on the second floor, where we had been meeting. Imagine our surprise when they accompanied us to the foot of the stairs where they again said farewell. Then they followed us down the long corridor from there to the door, and in an almost wistful fashion bade us goodbye

for a third time. A few days later they sent some of us Christmas cards.

Yet here again were people who were ready to justify the utmost in brutality and barbarism. These soft-spoken men, in our conversation, excused everything that had happened in Hungary a few weeks earlier. That situation presented them with no problem; the ruthless suppression, the slaughter of the rebels—all this was "necessary." Once more men find themselves ringed about with enemies, and they form a Warsaw Pact, a defensive alliance such as the West has built in NATO. Then comes a defection from the pact, a break in the armor, simultaneous with the British-French-Israeli attack on Suez, which might be the beginning of World War III. In such a crisis the Soviet forces that are withdrawing from Hungary are ordered back, and no measures are too drastic if only they succeed in stamping out the revolt and thus mending the crack in the armor.

Reflecting on these three experiences, I cannot help but think of the vast majority of my countrymen—quiet, peaceful folk, millions of them devout Christians or Jews. Surely we Americans are neither brutes nor devils. We are considerate of one another's needs and devoted to our children, and yet we do, somehow, find ourselves in a sadly disturbed world, faced with an implacable foe that threatens everything that is most precious to us. Because we are confronted with the specter of totalitarian Communism, we may be compelled, unwillingly, to commit the most fiendish atrocities.

We may have to use jellied gasoline bombs, as we did in Korea, to burn up the enemy's homes, families, hospitals, churches and schools. We may have to make giant incinerators of their air raid shelters, as we did during the saturation bombings of Berlin, to reduce women and children to mere ashes. Why do we "have to" do this sort of thing? Because of the same fear of an intractable, pitiless enemy that the people exhibited in the foregoing paragraphs.

The threat is so great that we "have to" keep on perfecting our bacteriological weapons and our guided missiles. We "have to" stockpile our hydrogen bombs and spend fantastic sums to develop even deadlier ones. And we "have to" teach even divinity students in our seminaries that it is right and holy to use these H-bombs as deterrents. The bombs are being made "clean," aren't they? But let us not blink the stern fact that if we foreswore ever *using* the bombs and announced that we were stockpiling them just for the fun of it,

whatever supposed deterrent power they had would vanish overnight.

Thus reluctantly I conclude that most of my countrymen have embraced the same doctrine as the Nazis and Communists—that, however deplorable it may be, circumstances may compel us to become brutes, beasts, butchers, barbarians. Let us not brook this fact. It is a great tragedy that today, with few exceptions, we accept this doctrine in Christian circles, as generally elsewhere throughout the land.

Three Basic Assumptions

Three basic assumptions underlie the thinking of all these gentle people, be they Nazis, Communists or Christians. The first is that *they*—those others—are at fault; certainly not *we*. The second is that not only are *they* at fault, *they* are *beyond the pale, beyond redemption.* There is just no way of dealing with *them; they* only understand force. And you know who *they* are—a pack of Communist wolves. Or the mad dogs of imperialism. You can't reason with wolves or mad dogs.

The third assumption follows logically from the first two: faced with people who are both at fault and beyond recall, we can't be squeamish about what we must do to get rid of them. With wolves and mad dogs, you do what must be done, however repugnant that may be.

To these three basic assumptions, Jesus offers a head-on challenge. Are *they* really at fault? Jesus replies, "Yes, surely they are somewhat to blame"; but he goes on to emphasize that above all "*we* are at fault." He bids us to get rid of the "plank" in our eye, to use Moffatt's translation, so that we can see clearly enough to remove the "splinter" from the other man's eye.

Again and again Jesus insists upon repentance. Although we have been a most repentant people, one of the tragic ironies of the past two decades is that we have been repenting of the sins of the Germans, the Japanese and the Russians instead of our own. Certainly Jesus would not deny their guilt, nor would he whitewash the cruel and evil events more recently in Hungary. But neither would he ignore the fact that we have roughly a thousand military bases overseas, ringing the USSR just as tightly as if the USSR had a chain of "defense" installations extending from Newfoundland to Bermuda, down to Cuba, across Mexico and up the West Coast to Vancouver.

Jesus might well say that the Eisenhower Doctrine, far from being an extension of the Monroe Doctrine, affects Russia in the same way that a "Bulganin Doctrine" for Latin America would affect us. And while he was describing the "plank" in our eye, he might point to the homes that have been shot at in Americus, Georgia, and the churches and parsonages bombed in Montgomery, Alabama. The place to begin to grapple with the evil in the world, according to Jesus, is in our own nation, our own community, our own self.

This does not mean being naive for a single moment about the tremendous power of evil. Any of us who has really tried to rid himself or his community of some besetting sin can testify to the stubbornness and potency of the evil that has taken root in us. In very truth this is a wrestling not with mere flesh and blood, but with the "principalities and powers" of which St. Paul

wrote, and with the "rulers of the darkness of this world." For evil is that mighty and that deeply entrenched even in our own beloved land. Yet here is the one place, if there is such a place on earth, where we have some chance of surmounting the obstacles to victory.

It is only realistic to choose one's own country as the place to attempt the colossal task of rooting out what is barbarous and bestial. It is utterly fatuous, on the other hand, to essay the completely impossible job—though many devote much time and effort to it—of making other groups and other nations behave properly, certain in our own minds that our own conduct is already beyond reproach. As we go up to the temple to pray, Jesus tells us, we are not to thank God that we are "not as other men are"—Russians, Chinese, Nazis, Communists, Israelis, Egyptians, or whoever the "other" may be. Rather are we to acknowledge our guilt, our shortcomings, our perfidy, our need of change, as we beseech God to be merciful to us Americans, for *we* are sinners. In that admission lies the beginning of wisdom.

Let us now consider the second assumption, that *they*—the others—are guilty *beyond redemption.* Are *they* really beyond recall? Jesus says that nobody is, and in one of his parables he underscored this point heavily.

We often think of the Good Samaritan merely as someone who did a good deed, and when we help an old lady across the street, we call ourselves by that name. But there is a deeper meaning to the story. Why did Jesus, a Jew, speaking to Jewish listeners, make his hero one of the hated and despised Samaritans instead of a Jew?

Perhaps we can get more of the impact of the story if we retell it in present-day terms as "The Parable of the Good Communist." A man is lying in the gutter, badly beaten. Along comes a Quaker, almost late for a very urgent meeting of the American Friends Service Committee. He sees the man, but turns away and hurries on. Now comes a Presbyterian minister, on his way to church. He, too, hurries along, for he has to deliver a most important sermon. Finally the Communist, on his way to an urgent cell meeting, stops and hails a taxi and sees that the man is taken care of at the nearest hospital.

Jesus was talking in these terms. He was saying, "nothing can separate us from each other, nobody is beyond recall."

It is not difficult to feel a sense of kinship with the heroic Hungarians who tried to break the bonds of

tyranny, nor to sympathize with others who suffer behind the Iron Curtain. But our kinship extends also where we perhaps feel it less strongly—among the desperate and dispossessed in Asia and Africa and the Middle East, among the people of newly independent Ghana, among the Russians, the Chinese and even the Communists and Klansmen in our own land. As Jesus saw it, there just is *no way* for any person or group of persons to be beyond the pale.

Jesus' challenge to the third assumption—that "you do what must be done, however repugnant"—follows as logically from the above as this assumption follows from the first two. If neither *they* nor *we* are blameless, and if nobody is beyond redemption, who shall cast the first stone without risk? God's purposes, Jesus insists, can only be achieved by God's methods.

Men, Jesus reminds us, do not gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles. But in the twentieth century we know better than Jesus, and we reason as follows. We want a fine harvest of grapes in the fall. Of course, if we were dreamy-eyed idealists, we would plant grapevines in the spring. Fortunately, however, we are practical, down-to-earth folks who know a thing or two about this tough old world, so we plant thorn bushes.

Obviously, we do not leave the thorn bushes untended. We pack them with fertilizer and water them with tender care. Our learned scholars give erudite discourses on the luscious grapes to be had from thorn bushes, and preachers wax eloquent on the same theme. We pray lengthily and mightily that God may bless our thorn bushes and cause them to prosper. Yet no matter our zeal and devotion, when we come with our baskets to harvest the grapes, we simply prick our fingers on the thorns.

There Are No Shortcuts

Despite all our erudition and intellect, we still need to learn the simple fact of life that Jesus pointed out: this is a dependable universe in which only a grapevine can produce grapes and only the practice of peace and brotherhood produces the benefits of peace and brotherhood. There are no shortcuts; there is no "way to peace"; peace itself *is* the way.

Jesus, like many other great prophets, sees clearly that the goals we finally attain are not necessarily what we want them to be, no matter how pure and lofty our motives. Ultimately, however, the objectives we reach are always the sum total of everything we do as we move along the way. Lies, intrigue, bestiality, the mailed fist, even when practiced by "good people" with the best of intentions, lead not to peace and plenty or a "world made safe," but to the perpetration of more of the same evils.

Jesus rejects for all time the assumption that you can't be squeamish about the methods you use in dealing with *them*. On the contrary, you *must* be squeamish—very squeamish—for you face certain defeat unless you employ God's ways to reach the cherished goals that you and your fellow citizens seek so zealously.

In the final analysis, of course—though the fact is hard for many of us to accept—the way of God may be the way of the cross. Jesus has not called us to indolent rest on flowery beds of ease, but to take up a cross and follow hard after him. The way of God may mean real

suffering and hardship. Nor has he even promised us success in our own time, but ultimate victory.

Too often, however, we believe most devoutly all that Jesus points out to us, *but*. . . . That three-letter stop sign leaves us in the position of actually rejecting the insights of the Master. We may believe ardently in the power of God's love, and be truly ready to place our ultimate reliance on it, knowing that there is no greater strength in the universe—*but* with a line drawn somewhere. We may possess the dedication and courage to place our reliance on the power of this love in the family, in the community, in the treatment of mental patients, or in social struggles such as Gandhi's movement for the independence of India or the nonviolent campaign for desegregation on the buses in Montgomery, Alabama. We may go thus far with our faith in nonviolent resistance to cruelty and tyranny, only to balk when confronted with Nazi and Communist terror. Then we say *but* . . . and we are back to dealing with *them,* the enemy who are utterly impervious to God's love. Mental patients can be approached; white Christians in the South can be appealed to; the British in India are "such gentlemen," BUT *their* villainy is so monstrous, *their* hearts so hardened that in *them* God has finally met His match.

And so we decide—sadly and reluctantly, to be sure—that to face *them* we must find our strength elsewhere—in flamethrowers, blockbusters, napalm, nikes, hydrogen bombs and fleets of bombers and guided missiles. This is how we say *but*. . . . In this way we Christians do to ourselves what no other mortal man, not even Hitler or Stalin, could do to us: we cut ourselves off from the love of God.

People who have lived the experience of nonviolence know that we need not falter thus. Those who shared in Gandhi's life and work and those who today are testing the power of love in the South tell us that, if you go all the way with it and dare everything, there is no greater power.

For two weeks in the spring of 1950, I traveled with Sushila Nayar, often described as "Gandhi's personal physician." When she spoke to American audiences, people repeatedly asked, "But weren't the British much easier to deal with than the Russians? Weren't they more amenable to the Gandhian use of nonviolence than the Communists would ever be?"

Sushila Nayar always gave two answers to that question. First, she pointed out, the British were brutal and ruthless too. Good will had not operated in a vacuum in India, and she documented this fact. Second, she said, suppose the Commu-

nists actually were more barbarous. This did not mean that love was therefore impotent. What it did mean was that we had to love that much more, and sacrifice and suffer to an even greater degree in order to appeal to "that of God" within the Communists.

In Philadelphia just last spring, Ralph Abernathy, one of the great Christian leaders of Montgomery, whose home and church were both wrecked by bombs, testified to the power of loving one's enemies in Alabama today. We listened with bated breath as he virtually sang out the familiar words of St. Paul's great hymn of love, the thirteenth chapter of his letter to the Corinthians. It was uttered with a new meaning, born of steadfast conviction, and I shall never forget the words with which Abernathy concluded: "We may not like our enemies, but we *sure do love them!*" There is a power here to shatter tyrannies and to build a world.

Significantly, as we separate ourselves from those of our fellows who are beyond the pale, inevitably we separate ourselves from the love of God. Martin Niemöller, the Lutheran pastor who will long be remembered for his valiant resistance to Hitler tyranny, once said that when the Nazis attacked the Communists, he did nothing because he was not a Communist; when the Nazis attacked the Jews he did nothing because he was not a Jew; when the Nazis attacked the Christians, it was too late. In a profound sense, we are our own worst enemies.

Let us return to the Pauline quotation with which we began. No one and no thing—except ourselves—can ever succeed in separating us from each other and from the love of God. *They* may try, certainly, but only *we* can succeed. With Paul, we are convinced that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature"—nor ostracism, nor loss of job, nor prison, nor torture, nor death before a firing squad—"shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

If we identify ourselves with the least of God's children, even the most despised of our fellow men, if with Jesus we boldly challenge the three assumptions of the irredeemably guilty enemy for whom mercy cannot be shown, and if we give ourselves unreservedly to the way of love, we shall win the greatest victory. For we shall conquer two enemies—*them* and *us*, and enrich the joy of God by the addition of the two friends that take their place.

When Ralph Abernathy was waiting for the Montgomery sheriff to come and arrest him, he was terrified. He had never been taken to jail before, never arrested. "I sat down on the edge of the bed," he told us, "and I said, 'God, I can't do this alone. God, will you go with me?' And I heard a voice, just as clear as could be, and it said, 'Ralph, you go along to jail, and when you get there I'll be waiting for you.' "

About the Author

On October 2, **James E. Bristol** sails for India, where he will direct the International Friends Center in Delhi. The story of his struggle to obtain a passport with no "loyalty oath" strings attached will appear in an early issue of **Fellowship.**

Sharing is KID STUFF

BY CECILIA BONGARTZ

EACH YEAR the night of October 31 sees most of our children, dressed in their spooky best, ringing doorbells and playing tricks. Last year a million and a half children, from Florida to Alaska, from Hawaii to Puerto Rico, went through the same excited preparations—but with a difference. Instead of asking for treats for themselves, they were collecting treats for the United Nations Children's Fund. And they succeeded—to the tune of more than three-quarters of a million dollars.

This year, instead of money, these friendly witches will be gathering sewing materials for needy mothers overseas and, indirectly, their children.

For weeks now, schools, churches and local civic groups, as well as individual parents, have been preparing to make this Hallowe'en a night of sharing instead of scaring. From its start, six years ago, when a small band of Sunday School children gave their treats to UNICEF, the plan has spread to communities throughout the United States.

The Committee on Educational Materials for Children of the American Friends Service Committee is cooperating with the U.S. Committee for UNICEF in sponsoring this idea and helps community groups to organize children in this "work." Pamphlets and mimeographed project suggestions tell about the lives and problems of children of many lands. The kids get all the fun of a traditional Hallowe'en, plus the added delight of helping other children, who differ from themselves chiefly in their lack of economic good fortune. This sense of doing something important for others turns many a shy spook into a bustling, community-minded citizen. At first, many of the children go along just for the ride, but they are soon infected with the spirit of this unique Hallowe'en fun and join in with the kind of enthusiasm that only children can give. As one very young child wrote: "Dear UNICEF, I maked 25c, your business is very good."

This very good business is also helping to promote feelings of brotherhood among children of all races, nations and creeds. On the small island of Maui, Hawaii, five hundred children from thirteen Buddhist temples and nine Christian churches together collected $366. This sum would pay for penicillin to cure 7,320 children of yaws, a festering tropical skin disease, or provide vaccine to protect 36,600 children against tuberculosis.

Trick or Treat is not the only way in which children are being encouraged to be helpful in their fun. The AFSC Educational Materials Committee has several other programs. Their Friendship Cards plan, for example, has been zestfully taken up by thousands. In this, the children are provided with basic instructions on how to make small greeting cards by hand. After the initial steps, the kids are on their own and can give free rein to their imagination and ingenuity in finishing up the product. The cards go, with their messages of friendship, to friendless and needy children in hospitals and orphanages as far afield as Korea.

Another useful adventure in brotherhood is the Stoves for Egypt project. In Port Said and other Egyptian communities, many housewives lost all their possessions during the British, French and Israeli bombing raids in the Autumn of 1956. Besides raising funds for the purchase of stoves, there are educational rewards for the children. For example, one of the suggested projects, delightfully presented in an AFSC pamphlet, is for a group to cook a typical Egyptian meal for friends and relatives and donate the proceedings to the Stoves for Egypt project. The recipe is supplied together with a description of a typical day in the life of an Egyptian housewife who might someday be using a stove bought with the children's money.

Another is a program of saving dimes to help build houses for refugees in Korea. Last year's cash contributions totaled more than $8,553, most of it in nickles and pennies. Of this amount, $6,409 helped build sixty houses in Kunsan, Korea. The rest aided the reconstruction of hospitals in that area. Previous gifts have helped construct 110 other badly needed houses.

To further aid the children's understanding and appreciation of other peoples, the AFSC has published "Books are Bridges," which lists recommended books for youngsters of all ages—pre-school to Junior High. The subject matter of these books is linked up with a calendar of historic events—with a relevant book for each occasion.

Many other of the AFSC's children's programs are grouped by seasons and holidays. The Springtime Is Sharing Time and Valentine's Day and Christmas Sharing projects are among the most popular. Last Christmas the Mitten Tree idea set young people working for months in advance and finally put 43,000 pairs of mittens onto tiny hands all over the world. Keep a weather-eye open—this coming Christmas you may see Mitten Trees in your local stores and in many homes where there are children. Beginning next month, youngsters will get busy, making mittens themselves or earning money by doing odd jobs so that they can contribute the cash to buy mittens. And when Christmas Eve and decorating time rolls around, eager small hands will deck out Christmas trees all over the country with mittens that will be their Christmas gifts to others, some of whom live in lands where December 25 is one of the hottest days of the year. These little gifts, so painstakingly made and earned, are a tangible symbol of the natural friendship that children feel for each other.

On October 31 this year, your doorbell will ring and witches might appear. Don't be scared—the trick is to treat.

Postage Stamps, Railroad Fares, and the High Cost of Revolution

There is a revolution going on today in America, comparable in importance to any that have shaken human society in the past. It is the revolution of a whole race of people shaking off the mantle of second-class citizenship, and it has profound implications not only for America but for the world.

But this revolution promises to be of means as well as ends. For the first time since Gandhi a mass movement is working by the methods he demonstrated: nonviolently and with love for the adversary.

In such a revolution the FOR, long the country's principal advocate of Gandhi-like nonviolent action, has a role to play. The importance of the role has been recognized by the principals in the revolution, who call on the FOR for advisors and materials. The FOR has sought to respond, by producing new, up-to-date literature, by sending a national staff member to work full time in the South for months at a time.

Unfortunately, revolutions cost money, even for those who only help. Glenn Smiley will have to do a lot of traveling, and railroad fares are not cheap. The regular budget did not provide for a major Southern effort this year.

Postage stamps cost money, too, and we're trying to save some of that money by sending you this message instead of writing you a letter.

If you haven't contributed yet this fiscal year (since May 1, 1957) won't you please do so today, generously?

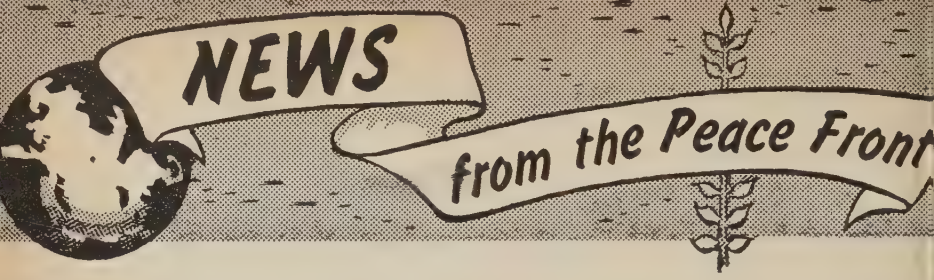
And if you have, won't you consider whether this work isn't urgent enough to justify another gift?

There is a revolution going on, and revolutions cost money!

Send your gifts to:

FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION FOR Nyack · New Yo

Contributions made to the Fellowship of Reconciliation are deductible for income tax purposes.



Smiley Heads South Again; EC Approves Race Emphasis

A well-attended meeting of the FOR Executive Committee on September 9 in New York City listened soberly to a proposal by the national staff that Glenn E. Smiley, Methodist minister and FOR National Field Secretary, be authorized to spend a substantial portion of the coming year in the South. Smiley, who has spent a considerable part of his time during the last two years working in Montgomery, Tallahassee, and other tension points, will establish a Southern headquarters for the new operations.

The program approved by the Committee called for Smiley to tour the South in November and concentrate there for the first three months of 1958.

The need for men and women trained in nonviolence to deal with racial crises was emphasized also in a staff proposal to set up a program to develop "reconciliation teams" in crisis spots across the country. These will be tied in especially with a series of conferences next spring and summer, but will also be encouraged in regional and area programs before then. Preparation of a "riot packet" of materials helpful in developing such teams and in instructing groups and individuals in how to deal with riots and other crisis situations, was reported under way.

In the discussion, members of the Executive Committee pointed out that the decision, while inescapable, deepens the problems of continuing financial support and of increasing the national staff. Although Curtiss Moody has begun work as Youth Secretary, the Personnel Committee had previously reported no success in locating a "senior secretary" to augment the reduced national staff. The financial problem arises from the fact that no budget provision was made for a major Southern emphasis this year. The FOR's Mid-South office, located for the past two years in Nashville, was supported by a special grant that ran out last spring.

Altruism Society Meeting This Month

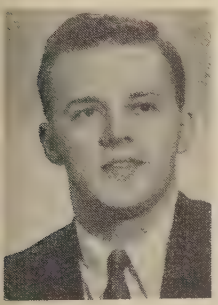
The first conference of the Research Society for Creative Altruism will be held at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass. on October 4 and 5. The subject under discussion will be New Knowledge in Human Values.

Speakers scheduled to appear include FOR member Robert S. Hartman, Pitirim A. Sorokin, famed sociologist, author, and founder of the Society, theologian Paul J. Tillich of Harvard Univer-

sity, and Gordon W. Allport, psychologist. Philosopher Jacob Bronowski of England and psychiatrist Erich Fromm are also expected to speak.

Moody Joins FOR Staff

Last month, Curtiss Moody joined the staff of the FOR as Youth Secretary. He will take over and expand the work among the 15-26 age group, which had until recently been handled by National Field Secretary Glenn Smiley. As other news items have substantiated, Smiley has been under an increased work load as a result of the growing Southern crisis, and was not able to devote the needed time to youth work. Moody, 21 years old, received his AB degree in religion in June from Chapman College, Orange, California. A native of Chico, California, he will make his home in an apartment in the FOR headquarters at Nyack.



Curtiss Moody

Quaker Mission Visits Poland

An international Quaker mission visited Poland last month, under the sponsorship of the Polish Institute of International Affairs. The Friends met with Poles to discuss problems of peace and international relations.

The American party included FOR members William R. Huntington, Treasurer of Non-violent Direct Action Against Nuclear Weapons and former AFSC Commissioner in Europe, and J. Earle Edwards, Associate Executive Secretary of AFSC. Representatives from England, Sweden, Denmark and Austria were also in the group.

Koinonia Floats Loan To Keep Alive

Koinonia Farms, the hard-pressed interracial community at Americus, Georgia, has announced that it is seeking loans to finance a basic revamping of its economy.

As a result of a virtually complete boycott of the farm by local merchants, banks and sales outlets, Koinonia's formerly prosperous poultry and livestock economy has been brought to a point at which it can no longer continue.

Following a meeting in July with a group of local "interested" persons which failed to produce any improvement in relations between Koinonia and the Americus community, the interracialists decided that their only hope of survival lay in the processing and shelling of pecans. The pecans will be bought from state auction markets and processed for sale throughout the country, avoiding boycott at both ends. Since the busy season for pecans comes at a time when other types of farming are slack, the former will serve to undergird the regular farming activities of Koinonia which are more vulnerable to boycott.

To put this plan into action, Koinonia is issuing ten-year $25 bonds at 4% interest. In order to make a go of it, $50,000 must be raised in this way. The new scheme

is expected to yield an annual income of $15,000.

In recent months "Friends of Koinonia" groups have sprung up throughout the country. One of these, in Washington, D. C., has supplied Koinonia with a much needed car. Another, in Chicago, has organized a vigil of ministers to help in the nightwatch at the community

The Koinonia interracial children's camp this year was held in cooperation with the Highlander Folk School at Monteagle, Tenn. The camp was a great success, with thirty children from all parts of the country participating.

Earlier this year a second Koinonia Community was started at Neshanic Station, New Jersey. Farming and the production of leather goods was planned, but the local zoning board refused to grant a variance for the latter. The community is situated in an area where manufacturing is prohibited. The future of the group is undecided.

Trocme Visits U.S.

André Trocmé, Traveling Secretary of the IFOR and Director of the Maison de la Réconciliation at Versailles, Francè, arrived in the United States last month for a 4-month speaking tour.

A heavy schedule has been planned for this visit. Until October 22, Trocmé will speak at meetings in the East. From October 23 to November 8 a tour of Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Missouri is planned. Later, the itinerary will cover the central United States from Texas to Minnesota.

In 1955 and 1956 Trocmé, who speaks excellent English, German and French, lived and worked for a month in the native quarter of Algiers and succeeded in establishing a Franco-Arab cell of brotherhood there (see FELLOWSHIP, September 1956).

In his lectures the Huguenot pastor will discuss nonviolence and various aspects of world affairs.

Interested groups should contact John Nevin Sayre, IFOR, Box 271, Nyack, New York.

Freundschaftsheim Plans Full Winter Program

Freundschaftsheim (Friendship House), international peace center at Bückeburg, West Germany, has planned a full program of lectures and study for visitors this fall and winter.

The theme of this month's meeting is "On the Way to Unity of Mankind," which will touch on economic and cultural factors making for this goal and the role of the United Nations in furthering it. Similar subjects are scheduled for discussion during November and December, under the general heading of "The World Today and Our Task for Peace."

International Christmas Week will be celebrated December 22-29. Activities will include participation in Christmas celebrations in German homes, lectures, discussions and excursions.

Freundschaftsheim was founded in 1948 under the leadership of Pastor Wilhelm Mensching, the present director. The international resident faculty is supplemented each year by guest lectures. Details may be obtained from Helen Corson, secretary of the American Committee for Freundschaftsheim, Chester Springs, Pa.

Little Rock Clergy, Others Condemn Faubus Stand

On September 6 sixteen Little Rock clergymen protested Governor Orval E. Faubus' use of the National Guard to prevent school integration there.

In a statement, the ministers deplored "the overriding of the authority of the local school administration; the disregard of national law; the abuse of the autonomy of the local school districts; the policing of the great majority of law abiding youth of the city; the exciting of racial tensions; the reflections cast upon our local law enforcement officers; the destruction of the respect of our citizens, young and old, for proper constitutional authority."

The ministers appealed "to every citizen to unite with us in earnest prayer to God that justice will be brought about and a right example set for every child of our community."

Twenty-seven Methodist ministers attending the Arkansas Pastors' School at Conway have signed a similar statement and the United Church Women of Atlanta issued a statement on September 9 to the same effect, adding that the interposition of state officials "results in guns, bayonets, force, fear and hate, all of which prevent solution to the problems" and are "repugnant to the Christian principles held by the vast majority of responsible southerners."

On September 10, ten Presbyterian ministers, meeting in Huntsville, sent a telegram to Gov. Faubus expressing "alarm and dismay" at the Guard call. The meeting favored orderly compliance with the Supreme Court desegregation order and felt that the courts could not be disregarded "without irreparable harm to our concept of government."

Nashville Clergymen Condemn Race Violence

On September 11, Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish clergymen in Nashville, Tenn., issued statements deploring the acts of violence that have occurred during school integration there.

Referring to the dynamiting of the Hattie Cotton School, the Nashville Ministers Association said that it was "shocked at the contempt for law and order evidenced in the bombing" and called on all residents of the city to "accept the problem with calmness and reasoned judgment."

The Rev. Raymond T. Ferris, rector of Christ Episcopal Church said that "in times of anger and fear we never really hear each other's words nor interpret correctly each other's deeds. Nothing can be done on the school issue until peace is restored."

The Rev. Charles Chumley, minister of Granny White Church of Christ, praised the school officers for the "calm, considerate and courageous way in which they are trying to comply with the law" and

added that the schools "need the continued support and encouragement of all law-abiding citizens The decision to give such encouragement will not be difficult for those who seek to follow Christ."

Church Report Cites Race, Class As Barriers to Unity

On September 11 at the first North American Conference on Faith and Order, meeting in Oberlin, Ohio, a report was presented calling upon congregations to eliminate economic and racial barriers to church admission and the development of a Christian fellowship "which tolerates no social distance" rather than the "mere formal opening of the church doors." The report, prepared by fifteen churchmen after two years of study, was distributed to 300 delegates to the conference.

Among the factors which impede "the Christian goal of inclusiveness in the Church," the report cited the location of many churches in neighborhoods of only one racial and family-income group. Another was unconscious discrimination against people of different color or financial status because, unknowingly, a congregation construes Christian fellowship to mean like-mindedness.

"By comparison with a Catholic priest who may accomplish racial inclusiveness by authoritative fiat," the report commented, "a Protestant clergyman may appear to be limited. But resourceful and sagacious use of his power structure may finally produce more genuine community in a Protestant congregation than when integration is authoritatively imposed."

New Capetown Archbishop Condemns Apartheid

Dr. Joost de Blank, who assume office this month as Anglican Archbishop of Capetown, recently condemned apartheid in South Africa In a New York interview, Dr. de Blank stressed that "the fundamental principle of man's equality before God applies everywhere."

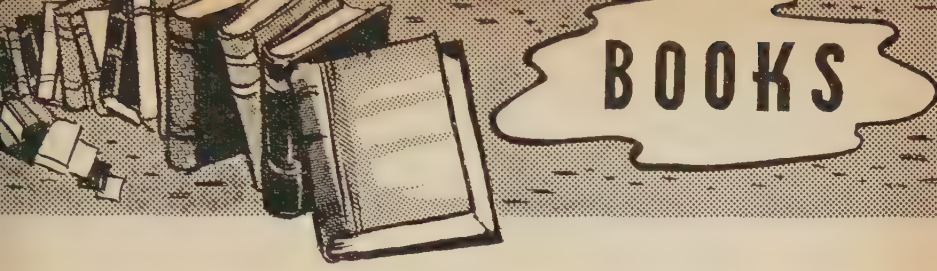
Dr. de Blank was born in the Netherlands but was educated in England, where he became Bishop of Stepney in London. His diocese included many Africans and West Indian Negroes. This background may help the Archbishop to establish some harmony between the Dutch Reformed and Anglican churches in South Africa, long split on racial issues.

Moravian Church Demands End of Nuclear Tests

Resolutions calling for the abolishment of nuclear tests and the endorsement of Albert Schweitzer's Declaration of Conscience (see June FELLOWSHIP) were passed by the General Synod of the Moravian Church which convened at Bethlehem, Pa., August 29-Sept. 12.

The delegates said they "welcome and support every honest effort . . . to limit and control armaments."

Delegates from many parts of the world were present. The Rev Radim Kalfus of Czechoslovakia expressed great surprise at the number of American organizations interested in building peace. He said that according to Czech newspapers and other information sources there was no one in America interested in peace.



Going to Work for Nonviolence

The Paradoxes of Democracy by Kermit Eby and June Greenlief. Association Press. 1956. 210 pp. plus notes. $3.50.

Toward a More Democratic Social Order by Wendell Thomas. Exposition Press (New York) 1956. 64 pp. $2.50.

Both of these books are essential additions to the literature aimed at establishing a nonviolent, creative philosophy of life. Both books are unequivocatingly in the great classical "liberal" mood which assumes the freedom and liberty of the individual and acceptance of spiritual and intellectual diversity.

Professors Eby and Greenlief define and elucidate, in terse and lucid American, the genuine paradoxes of our national culture. Thomas' book is a tract in the finest tradition of democratic pamphleteering. He assumes the inclusive paradox of American life; that the social, democratic order is neither social nor democratic; and proposes his own approach (soundly rooted in a robust philosophy of human nature and in the economic facts of the mid-twentieth century) to a decentralist philosophy as a resolution of the paradox.

Monopoly (with its current menace of automation), lobbies, government by men and with centralized economic power, the uniformity and conformity indigenous in statism which paralyze individuality, the overall tone of our "democracy" are fairly but incisively analyzed in the Eby-Greenlief book. It moves logically through what-ought-not-to-be to what-ought-to-be: a standard to which the just can repair, "an ethical level" on which "the dichotomies between the individual and society become solvable."

The two books will serve at least three purposes: 1) they will inevitably move the still unconvinced but fair-minded toward a nonviolent philosophy of life; 2) they will contribute indispensable (and often original) factual material and courage to the already convinced; and 3) they will inch the whole Republic by way of these first two results toward the realization that in the international power struggle "man's chief enemy is not the other side but violence and established wrong wherever found." (Thomas, p. 7)

Kermit Eby sums up the conviction of the working pacifist thus: "He has faith in democracy who can continue battling for the fulfillment of his dream, even though harrassed by the day-to-day, the small, the needling disappointments. . . . He has faith in democracy who knows what he believes, gets a base in organization and goes to work!" (p. 210)

ROBERT S. HOAGLAND

pamphlet reviews

•*Portrait of Israel: Myth and Reality.* By Hal Lehrman. 28 pp. 25c. Order from: Public Affairs Pamphlets, 22 E. 38 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

The position of the Arab in the State of Israel is in many respects analogous to that of the Jew in the early years of Nazi Germany. This fact and a few others contained in this highly informative description place a check-rein on what is otherwise a largely laudatory account. Objections may be raised to some of Lehrman's views, such as his endorsement of UMT (he complains, on behalf of the Arabs, that they are excluded from it), but these should not obscure the pamphlet's usefulness as a basic, well-rounded account.

• *What About War?* 19 pp. 35c. Order from: American Baptist Home Mission Societies, 164 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

A committee of 25 Christians, pacifists and non-pacifists, present their views on conscientious objection and participation in Military Service. This is good reading for the young Christian facing the draft who has to decide what stand he will take. It does not give the answers but underlines the moral and religious questions that have to be faced.

In a similar vein is a new folder, *The Valley of Decision,* put out by the General Board of Education, The Methodist Church, P. O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tenn. It is a brief, handy guide which, like *Christian Choices Regarding Military Training,* is free and suggests questions and the various possibilities of action to be considered.

MEMO

TO: FELLOWSHIP READERS
FROM: BILL MILLER

Press Run—Did you know that no pacifist group in the world produces as much and as many publications as the FOR? Most of them come off our own offset press. Our printer, Mrs. Julia King, will assure you that it's rarely idle.

So what's new? A couple of things. Try this one on your conservative-minded church friends: *I Am a Christian and a Pacifist* by FELLOWSHIP Editor Al Hassler. It's reprinted from the June 1957 *Christian Herald,* and is probably the first affirmation of pacifism to appear in the *Herald* in years, if not ever. The *Herald's* editor, Dr. Daniel A. Poling, is well known as one of the more energetic anti-pacifists among the clergy.

Here's another, small but meaty: *How to Practice Nonviolence,* the most condensed guide yet on the "Montgomery Method." It's no substitute for a real study, but it's a mighty handy summary.

Three-cent stamp brings you free samples of both. A dollar bill will get you 35; otherwise, 3c each.

Watch this spot for the next thrilling episode next month.

Meanwhile, pax vobiscum.

FELLOWSHIP PUBLICATIONS FOR Nyack, New York

NOTE: Due to severe space limitations in recent issues, brought about by the pressure of events, we have had to defer publication of many letters which we think retain a durable interest. Part of the problem is the length of many of the letters we receive. Please try not to exceed 200 words.—THE EDITORS

CARE Packages for Dolci

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Giovanni Pioli's article in the March 1957 FELLOWSHIP prompted me to direct CARE packages for a period to "Danilo Dolci, Partinico, Sicily, Italy," and perhaps others would be so minded.

WALTER M. NELSON
Detroit, Michigan

A Hiroshima Wedding

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

On Easter Sunday, at the local YMCA, I participated in an event which I feel constrained to share with you because I was asked to say a few words as an FOR member.

It was the wedding of two young FOR members, Ichiro Kawamoto, the groom, and Tokie Uematsu, the bride. Because these two young persons are poor, and because they wanted their day-laborer friends also to feel comfortable as guests at their wedding and the reception afterwards, they stressed that they wanted everything to be as simple as possible.

Because both of them are orphans, YMCA members made all the arrangements and carried out all the plans, Mr. and Mrs. Aihara (Mr. Aihara is the new secretary of the Hiroshima "Y") acted as go-betweens, though it was really a love match.

Tears were in the eyes of most of the eighty or so persons who stood at the request of the Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto when Charlotte Alston, a Methodist missionary in the local girls' school, began to play the wedding march and A-bomb-crippled Tokie Uematsu, in a dark suit and carrying a bouquet of white flowers, limped down the aisle with Mrs. Aihara.

I felt that Mr. Tanimoto's choice of Romans V:1-5 was most appropriate: "Therefore, since we are justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Through him we have obtained access to this grace in which we stand, and we rejoice in our hope of sharing the glory of God. More than that, we rejoice in our sufferings, knowing that suffering produces endurance, and endurance produces character, and character produces hope, and hope does not disappoint us, because God's love has been poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit which has been given to us." At the close of the simple ceremony, Mr. Paul Sekiya, Secretary of the Japanese FOR, preached a fine sermon on Christian pacifism.

The reception that began in the same room a few minutes later and lasted two hours was such as cannot be adequately described in words. I wish that a sound

movie of it could have been made. Even so, all the speeches were in Japanese! It began by everyone's clapping as Mr. and Mrs. Aihara led the newlyweds back into the room and to the table at the head of a hastily constructed long table around which we guests had been sitting, awaiting their return. Then Mr. Aihara read the life histories of young Kawamoto and his bride.

He was born in South America, of devout Roman Catholic parents; but his father died and he and his mother returned to Osaka, Japan. Then, during World War II, his mother died, and he came to his father's relatives near Hiroshima. Soon thereafter, however, he started out on his own. He was one of those who came into the city of Hiroshima immediately after the bombing to minister to survivors and otherwise help in rehabilitation. He there vowed to give his life so that what he saw should not happen again. A few years later, he was baptized at one of the Hiroshima Protestant churches. (Tokie Uematsu was baptized at the same time, in the same church. It was there that they became acquainted.) Since then, he has been active in bringing the Christian pacifist message into all kinds of gatherings, large and small, and in conducting meetings for children in Hiroshima and in neighboring towns, especially in orphanages. His large green FOR banner has been seen in many places. Recently he and his fiancée let it be known that they had decided to try to go to Christmas Island in protest against further testing of nuclear weapons.

The bride was born in Hiroshima. Her home and her possessions were destroyed by the A-bomb. Her father died later of radiation poisoning; her mother, though living, is bedridden. She herself was in a hospital at the time of the bombing and atomic ashes got into her wound. As a result, her bones are deteriorating, pieces of them working their way to the surface from time to time. Despite this, she has had to work to make a living, now is employed as a seamstress (though I wonder at her using an old-fashioned sewing machine with her bad leg. Perhaps she uses only the good one!).

As the first one called on to offer congratulations and good wishes after Mr Aihara's reading of their histories, I was needless to say, at a loss for fitting words However, I managed to say a few sentences, which were later referred to by several subsequent speakers.

Others who spoke were representatives of different peace, workers', Christian victims' and child welfare groups and institutions. There was unity but variety in the dozen or so speeches. One sensed the sincerity, the oneness, the breadth and the depth of the atmosphere that pervaded the room from the beginning to the end. There was laughter; there was quiet weeping; there was enthusiastic clapping after remarks that seemed to express the thoughts not only of the speaker but of the audience as a whole especially after one of the Hiroshima Maidens who did not go to America but will soon undergo plastic surgery here stood and stated that she had been given new hope. I was impressed also by another speaker's saying that life must be given for those things in which one believes. Truly, in that room, there was gathered a heap of faith, hope, and love! The wedding was the occasion for bringing together in this historic city people who have suffered from modern war, people concerned that it shall be eliminated and willing to give themselves unreservedly to that end. As the only "foreigner" present at the reception, I had no feeling of "foreignness"; but I must confess that I sometimes felt myself to be only an observer, albeit a moved observer, of a sort of dramatization of the aliveness of the peace movement in present-day Japan (Numerous telegrams from pacifists in other cities were read during the reception.)

Do what you think best with the above

It is an inadequate account of an eyewitness to a symbolic meeting.

MARY MCMILLAN
Hiroshima, Japan

More on Expediency and God's Will

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

The letter of Lauree Hersch discussing "Expedient Good and God's Will" (April FELLOWSHIP) is certainly the expression of a sincere and concerned person. Surely if God is love, His Will is the health, prosperity and happiness of all men.

But what is wrong in emphasizing brotherhood? How can it be wrong to pursue a course which is right from any angle? Idealism and enlightened self-interest now prove to be but two faces of the same coin.

We've had about two thousand years of "Christian truth" and talk of the dignity of man as a child of God. Yet these "children" have gone on devising ever more efficient methods of slaughtering one another. Perhaps we shall have to depend more upon logic than emotion if justice and peace are ever to prevail.

I too prefer the positive emphasis of love and deplore the uses man has made of fear to enslave his fellows throughout recorded time. However, fear can be a useful force impelling men to positive and constructive action. In fact, the nature of a man's fear is a pretty reliable indication of his progress toward mental and emotional maturity. Ignorance is probably the thing we should fear.

That professed religious faith and highly ethical behavior more often display an inverse than a direct relationship appears to me to have been adequately demonstrated. And it follows that a traditional religious terminology and emphasis is helpless to correct a situation it has done its full share to create.

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Though it is probably true that "Lasting Brotherhood cannot be legislated," it is also unlikely to be achieved until men widely recognize it to be both right and practical. By this I mean that though emphasis upon better men is essential, it is not enough. For "better" men must use their intelligence, energy and influence toward the construction of a world community wherein all men shall have increasing and perfectly legitimate incentives to live on an ascending moral plane.

Those impatient for the building of a kingdom of peace and justice on this good earth often hear the counsel, "Be patient, Rome wasn't built in a day." True. Yet the Christian idea of personal immortality and resurrection appears more of a hindrance than a help in bringing the kingdom to light. To logical minds, the reason should be obvious.

R. F. BURLINGAME
Milan, Michigan

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